



# eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!



trollcatz  
 [trollcatz](https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/)

<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>  
2008-09-04 10:28:00

MOOD:  in a tizzy

MUSIC: eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!  
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!  
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

...okay, it finally sank in.

...ogawd, I hope my father behaves himself. I mean, not that he ever does *anything* that could be *remotely* construed as *impolite*. But the passive aggressive has a *blast radius*.

eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!  
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Platypus, strap me down. Lead shoes. *Something*.



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## Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew

## ...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in

## As a law enforcement professional--

as Trollcatz. Daphne died

for two whole mornings. Too bad

23 comments



[asciikitty](#)

September 4 2008, 14:37:27 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hey, as long as your father doesn't hit on your friends, you're doing better than I did.

Ok. My father didn't. But my father-in-law did make a very subtle and understated pass at one of our guests. She thought it was cute. I'm just glad I didn't find out about it for months.



[trollcatz](#)

September 4 2008, 14:40:57 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

(No, my dad would never. Not in a bajillion years.)



[asciikitty](#)

September 4 2008, 14:53:03 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

It's very slightly funnier because the young lady in question was (is?) dating my husband, although of COURSE his father didn't know that.

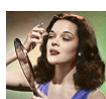


[capecorey](#)

September 4 2008, 15:24:21 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Tizzy away! You've earned it!



[Ometotchtli](#)

September 4 2008, 16:40:23 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

It's okay, sweetie. We can handle you for two-and-a-half days (oooh, less now!). Imagine what it's like with people who spazz for months beforehand.

Also, I knew this was going to happen as soon as your work brain went on parade rest. I am prepared. Let's go to lunch. Platypus? You in? Milkshakes...



[cvillette](#)

September 4 2008, 16:43:41 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

MILKSHAKES! \*scrambles for the door\*



 [trollcatz](#)

[September 4 2008, 16:46:11 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

\*spazzes\*

ogawd, you're going to get me sugared up on milkshakes? you want this building standing tomorrow?



 [ace\\_cub\\_reportr](#)

[September 4 2008, 16:47:11 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

“you want this building standing tomorrow?”

...you want an honest answer to that?



 [capecorey](#)

[September 4 2008, 17:20:40 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Careful! They'll report you to...

Um... Huh. Carry on.



 [ace\\_cub\\_reportr](#)

[September 4 2008, 18:56:42 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Terrible thing, abuse of power. Wouldn't want to see anyone else doing it.



 [capecorey](#)

[September 4 2008, 23:22:18 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Remind me to proposition you at a more opportune but equally inappropriate time.



 [ace\\_cub\\_reportr](#)

[September 5 2008, 03:03:16 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I've put it on the calendar.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[September 4 2008, 18:55:21 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

See? The comfort-food fat content and relaxing milk enzymes win over the sugar. As does the opportunity to talk it out to your best buds.

Also, now you have a pirate shirt to wear on Friday night.

I think of everything. It's what I do.



 [trollcatz](#)

[September 4 2008, 18:58:37 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I loooovvvveeee you.

 [Ometotchtli](#)  
[September 4 2008, 19:22:50 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Back atcha, sis. <3

 [jennythe\\_reader](#)  
[September 4 2008, 16:45:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You sound like me, not on my actual wedding day, but on the day of the reception/party six months later. (Complicated story. Short version is: we'd been engaged for three years, Tom ended up in the hospital with life-threatening blood clots, we got married by a justice of the peace 5 days after he got out with only my Mom and his parents there. We had the reception in the spring with as many of our family and friends who could make it. [More details here](#), if you're interested.) I was so happy/excited/nervous/hyper that I didn't notice I was wearing the wrong shoes until about five hours after we got to the site.

 [cvillette](#)  
[September 5 2008, 03:05:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Mom is more than a match for your dad. Srsly.

 [trollcatz](#)  
[September 5 2008, 11:39:57 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You're a genius.

 [trollcatz](#)  
[September 5 2008, 11:40:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And I don't just mean that in the clinical sense.

 [boddhi\\_d](#)  
[September 5 2008, 04:16:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hey, trollcatz, there's a simple solution: delegate.

Passive aggressive tends to mind its manners around people it doesn't know well. It sounds like you've got a lot of friends who understand & want to make sure you have a happy day. How about asking them to take turns entertaining/chaperoning? Including--especially--when you & he are together. And, hey, at a wedding, how easy is it come up with an excuse to interrupt any unwanted private time? Pictures, hair & make-up, decorations....

Best wishes, happy memories, and:

"Walls for the wind, a roof for the rain,  
And drinks beside the fire.  
Laughter to cheer you, and those you love near you,

And all that your heart may desire."

peace,  
dawn



glinda\_w

September 5 2008, 23:18:41 UTC

COLLAPSE

*"Walls for the wind, a roof for the rain,  
And drinks beside the fire.  
Laughter to cheer you, and those you love near you,  
And all that your heart may desire."*

What is that from? I've promised some friends in Calif. a wedding sampler, now that they've been able to get married, and that's a lovely verse...



capecorey

September 6 2008, 02:08:14 UTC

COLLAPSE

<http://www.buzzle.com/editorials/3-15-2005-67128.asp>

Trad. Irish...

boddhi\_d

September 6 2008, 02:44:59 UTC

COLLAPSE

Yup, gotta love Irish blessings. I came across this one in the CD insert for Greenfire's "A Roof for the Rain."

So have at, glinda.

:)

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Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement  
professional--